Author's Declaration
“The Master and Margarita”

I, Dmitry Litvinenko, hereby declare that I am the sole author of the lyrics and conceptual structure of the original

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Signature of the author: _____

[Verse 1 – Sung by Woland (Low husky male voice)]
I walk into your city as a guest,
At sundown, when they tear faith apart.
I’m no devil — just a voice of your own rage,
Which you yourselves have grown in the dark.
In your fear, I am the mirror of truth,
I am the judge without a verdict.
And who is saint, and who is slave —
That’s for you, not me, to decide.

[Chorus – Sung by All (layered, haunting)]
This is the ball where all masks fall,
And fate is not a whip, but a feather.
The Master burns within his curse,
Margarita — his silver tether.
Pilate never forgave himself,
His will — a cross made out of stone.
The world built on lies and guilt
Is doomed to crush itself alone.

[Verse 2 – Sung by the Master (male vocals, tortured)]
I wrote — and trembled at my own fire.
I loved — and perished in belief entire.
My words — forbidden, my novel — a crime,
My sentence cast in a faceless time.
I burned the script, but lived in the night,
Where she remains — my only light.
Let the devil give me silence and rest,
If I can be with her — forever or less.

[Verse 3 – Sung by Margarita (female voice, passionate and dark)]
I stepped into the abyss for him,
No reward, no holy hymn.
I am the fire at the witches' ball,
I am spring that turned to flame and fall.
Let them scream that love is sin,
I will be your truth within.
You wrote — I breathed your line,
Let the world collapse — you're mine.

[Bridge – Sung by Pontius Pilate (slow, echoing bass)]
In marble silence I still sit,
The world upon my open palm.
Yeshua — you did not lie.
But fear twisted all the law.
I never forgave myself.
Every night I see you walk
Through the light, and I
Cannot follow, cannot talk.

[Final Chorus – Sung by All (layered and intense)]
This is not about justice or sin,
It’s about the wound that burns within.
Until the dark over Moscow subsides,
Margarita walks beneath blood-red skies.
And in her steps — the universe aches,
And in his words — a world remakes.
Written in blood, and by blood redeemed,
Where spring has washed what once had screamed.

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